









Why His Hair Turned White—An Ex-

planation in the Old Regions.

"How did my hair turn white? Well,

as you will see down on that new

black shirt while I turn off the gas

in the dormitory, I will tell you. I don't

tell the story very often, but if Boylston

sent you here to see me, I guess it's

all right. I was originally a Bostonian,

having been raised at the Hotel Wagon

Hotel, just been ground out of an

educational mill and had the grand

"aesthetic" blown in each bottle. I thought

barbaric lived and where a good, smart

man could make a fortune in three

weeks. It is needless to say I was

greatly fooled. I came to the oil country

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plaza torturing the night air with the

strains of the "Sweet By and By" and

"All On Account of Eliza."

Or he goes to the quiet home in the

country town; plays croquet, sleeps in

a feathered bed, interviews mosquitoes

and other insects, gets to sleep after

midnight, and is roused before day-

light by the barnyard chorus; is per-

mitted to make his toilet with a toup-

ee, and a very spoils his digestive

apparatus with an accustomed food, and

at last returns to his city home, find-

ing a month's detouring before he reaches

his normal condition and is ready for

work.

It is well that the great majority who

constitute the "stay-at-homes," or

"can't-get-aways," are able to get some

glimpse of the experience of those

who persist in seeking pleasure at a

distance. It has a tendency to make

them take a philosophical view of

life, and to understand that for those

who have the mind to make the best of

the inevitable there are comfort and

enjoyments at home which must be left

behind by those who go pleasure-seek-

ing elsewhere. —Harvard Courant.

A Classic Drunkard.

The barkeeper was about to close up.

He had said so several times, and had

put out all the lights but one. The

drunkard had shook the sawdust from

his feet and reluctantly directed their

footsteps homeward. Only a stranger

remained, a dark, saddened man, who

demurely on a stool and kept his

thumb revolving around each other

like wheels, a man turning a wheel.

When the constable came, he

whispered to the bar and said, "My

may, mister, if you will be quick about

it," replied the drink-mixer, with his

hand on the lamp-screw.

"I want you to fill me a flask of your

best whiskey, for family sickness," said

the stranger, drawing out an ancient

wallet with twenty fathoms of leather

string wound around it—a well-worn

wallet, that looked as if all the waves

and billows of bad luck had beat upon

it and gone over it and through it, and

flattened it and washed it clean.

The barman filled him up, and

shoved down the cork until it squeaked,

wiped the bottle dry and sat it upon

the counter.

"The autumn air is getting a trifle

cool," soliloquized the stranger.

"Would you have any objection to my

taking a little liver-pudding from my bot-

tle?"

He filled the tumbler quite full, took

it and he did paragon in the days of his

infancy, and then remarked:

"Perhaps, on the whole, as the night

has far waned and my family are in

the spiral springs and in their troubles

you had better put my bottle

on the upper shelf, and when

Phaon Apollo begins to canter his

golden canterers along the avenues of

the prying east I will call for it, and

you may then assess me the appropriate

amount of ducaats."

The barkeeper sprang over the bar

and began to kick him.

"Wait!" he said, sweetly, "you kick

me after I have drunk? Don't you

know better than that? Kick me with

both feet—I cannot feel you even then.

Before I took that glass if you had but

wounded my list at me you would have

wounded me—hurt me; but now I scorn

the physical punishment. Good night!"

He said, as he stood on the doorstep.

"I see by the shadow on the sidewalk

that you have kicked me again. I

should remember, my irrepressible publican,

what the dear old poet said: "Pate cannot

harm me now; I have drunk to-night."

So say I. I have drunk to-night.

Good night, taverner! How much the

sparkling firmament looks like a far-off

city, life up for a festive night! Fare-

well! I shall see you later." —Prob-

ance (R. L.) Journal.

Savage and Repentant Dogs.

BURNETT'S COCAINE.

For Premature Loss of the Hair—A

Philadelphia's Opinion.



